

Sport Coat With Convertible Collar



The day of the high class and brilliant sweater and the snappy sport coat is with us. Racing meets and other assemblages of people who are in a position to make the styles into fashions reveal the bright-hued sweater and sport coat, worn with more than complacency, especially by the younger people. Over thin white dresses and with white sport hats and white footwear there is a crispness and fitness to the occasion in such apparel that makes an instant appeal to the younger set.

New conditions bring about new costumes for occasions where formerly only strictly dressy toilettes were in vogue. The sweater and the sport coat are at home in the automobile, and the only kind of millinery that will withstand the speed of the open car is that designed for it, hence the sport hat and the auto bonnet.

But the brilliance of color in these comfortable outer garments makes as gay an assemblage as ever gathered in glad raiment in days gone by. Corsets and gold, lacquer red and royal blue, mustard and amethyst, and most vivid and "classy" of greens, and the sparkle

of black and white combinations give one a wide choice whether the taste is quiet or gay.

The Wommo sport coat shown here is in black and white, cut on easy and rather vague lines. It is drawn in a little by a wide belt of the fabric at the normal waist line. White silk braid is used for binding the collar and cuffs. Two large and very practical pockets add definitely to the character of the coat. The convertible collar may be turned up about the throat and buttoned to place.

The hat, of white corduroy velvet, is trimmed with a band and cockade of white ribbon. White gloves and shoes, either of kid or canvas, are in keeping with the rest of the toilette and complete a midsummer garb that is a thing of beauty and a joy for all outings.

Skirt Trimmings.

Skirts now have quaint trimmings on their edges. Quillings of the material or a binding formed of a bias fold of the material often takes the place of a plain hem.

Lingerie Hat of Cotton Embroidery



The lingerie hat is made of fine, sheer, cotton embroidery, lace or net, and forms a special kind of midsummer millinery which reappears each year. The same kinds of embroideries and laces that are used for making lingerie gowns or fine underwear are used in the construction of this very elegant millinery; hence the name by which it is designated.

The lingerie hat has been in greatest demand among those who require several hats for each season, and is one of those types made for the "exclusive trade"—that is, for those who can afford to indulge in a taste for special millinery to suit special seasons. They are by no means inexpensive; but it is the work required to make them, rather than the materials used, that makes them bring very good prices.

Two lingerie hats shown in the picture given here are of the picturesque type. At the left a wide embroidery of sheer batiste is shirred over a frame smoothly covered with chiffon. The row of shirring (over a small cord) at the base of the crown forms a frill wider than the brim of the frame, which falls prettily beyond the brim edge and drops more at the back than elsewhere. Here, from under the brim, loops and long ends of narrow ribbon, in a light color, hang nearly to the waist line.

But the striking feature in this hat

lies in the trimming. Two poppies, made of the embroidery with millinery stems at the center, are posed exactly on top. This is an audacious position, but warranted because of the excellence and beauty of the flowers. One cannot get in the picture the sheerness of the embroidery which makes the blossoms look like delicate ghosts of the flaming flower they copy.

The second hat, of the small poke bonnet type, is made of allover embroidery and narrow val lace. The frame is covered with blue crepe, and this forms a facing. The upper brim and crown are of the embroidery in an open pattern. A frill of narrow val lace finishes the edge, and there is a collar and hanging ends of black velvet ribbon. Little clusters of pink June roses and blue forget-me-nots are set about the base of the crown. Noting could be prettier, worn with the midsummer frocks made of sheer white cottons, or those that are gayly figured.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Leather Trimming.

Soft suede leather is much used for military collars and deep rollback cuffs. The pointed corners of these military collars are embroidered in metallic thread and black or white silk.

New Leghorn Models.

When summer days approach, leg-horn hats, with masses of pink roses and beautiful laces will be the choice of the charmingly attired woman. Many of these models are turned up in the rear, and their picturesque lines are accentuated by the streamers of soft silk. Attractive creations are also developed with broad brims of French crepe, on which are embroidered dainty flowers in delicately colored silks. Even the quaint poke and other models favored by the Empress Eugé-

nie will find expression in the new leg-horn models.

New Button Mold.

A new button mold has a shank that screws into a flat aluminum disk at the back—the disk covering the edges of the material used in covering the mold. If you have ever covered a button mold you know what a boon this is, and the best part of it is that these molds can be used again and again, covered and recovered at will and in a few minutes.

Lanagan's Reformation

By George Prentiss, Jr.

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"Prisoners' Reformation society!" growled "Red" Lanagan, glancing bitterly after the secretary, Mrs. Hubert, as she swept majestically away, her silken garments trailing audibly along the floor.

"Red" felt aggrieved in his inmost soul. Two weeks before he had come out of state's prison, after serving a term of two years for grand larceny. He had really meant to run straight after marrying Lizzie, but it was hard for the ex-jailbird to get a position, and harder still to keep it, with the police always hounding one. So "Red" had fallen. The temptation was a strong one, for they were both starving. He had gone to the penitentiary, and he had never seen Lizzie since the day he was sentenced.

When he came out he realized that all efforts to find her were doomed to disappointment. Lizzie had disappeared, and it was evident that she would never return to him. She had been a servant, but bred in a community of decent country people, she had no use for a jailbird, even though he had stolen to assist her.

Embittered and hopeless, "Red" had drifted into the Prisoners' Reformation society rooms on the Bowery, where he had heard Mrs. Hubert, assisted by a parson, hold forth upon the right of the criminal to redeem himself. The discourse seemed to "Red" so preposterously untrue to life that he could not restrain his indignation. When Mrs. Hubert stepped, smiling, down from the platform, he approached her.

"Say! That's fine dope you been giving us," he sneered. "Maybe it didn't occur to you that a man can't get a job, nor yet hold a job when he's been in the penitentiary?"

Mrs. Hubert, sympathetic, turned "Red" over to the committee. The



"It's Part of the Game, Them Promises."

committee investigated his case and announced that he could get a position of trust, to run errands for a store, at eight dollars a week.

"What about a raise?" sneered "Red" bitterly. He, who had handled thousands, felt the temptations to honesty miserably inadequate. "Say," he bawled, "could any of you support a wife on eight a week? Honest, could you?"

They had not known "Red" was married. The committee investigated that, delaying as committees do. "Red" told them that if they could find his wife he'd try to run straight on eight dollars. It was a pathetic offer and significant of "Red's" real desire to reform.

Thereafter Mrs. Hubert took the case in hand and told "Red," with much smiling and bland patronage, that when he had proved his manhood the committee would find his wife for him. So for a whole month "Red" worked at his job, gradually losing the fight against embittered loneliness.

One night he fell. Like Williams, an old caddy, who had himself been a "victim" of the society, as he expressed it, lured "Red" into a saloon. The foamy beer, finding its way into the somewhat cramped recesses of the ex-convict, stimulated his imagination.

"Find your wife!" exclaimed like in astonished contempt. "Why, don't you know it's a game with them folks, 'Red'?"

"What's a game?" demanded "Red" ferociously.

"Why, playing with us and writing reports about us for their clubs. You and me's just cases to her. She'll never find your wife. It's part of the game, them promises. Rich as a miser, that old woman is, and as for jewels—say! You been to her house?"

"Once—when I first come out," answered "Red" miserably.

"There's half a million dollars in diamonds waiting there for anyone what wanted 'em," said like impressively. And therewith he made a proposition which fell upon "Red's" ears as sweetly as manna on the parched tongues of the desert wanderers.

"Red" went home and thought, and all his anger and resentment paved the way for his acceptance. That rich old woman with the Fifth Avenue house and the diamond necklace while he, "Red," worked for eight dollars a week! And Lizzie, whom she had made a man of himself! He would show her what sort of a man he was.

French windows. Like knew the upper floors—he had gone there in the guise of a gas inspector. If "Red" could get the necklace, like could catch it from his hand in the court below and hold any intruders at bay while "Red" made his getaway along the covered courtway.

"Red" was at the appointed place. He and like had worked their way into the grounds through the basement of the unoccupied house next door. Like was waiting below, and "Red" had shinned up the column and stood irresolutely upon the porch outside the third-story window. He knew that window communicated with a passage, and, once inside, he must turn to the right to reach the old woman's bedroom. But his head had never been very good for second story work, and he hesitated an instant before he threw up the window and stepped inside. As he did so the burglar alarm rang loudly through the house.

"Red" was half along the passage. To go back to that window would be fatal policy. The unexpected alarm struck terror into "Red's" heart, but he kept his head well enough not to yield to the instinct to run for safety and be caught. An open closet with a lot of clothing hanging in it attracted his notice. He plunged inside and pulled the door tight after him. There he crouched minute after minute, trembling in fear of capture. He could hear nothing inside, for the door fitted tightly, he did not know whether he was being pursued; but it was growing uncomfortably hot.

Perhaps "Red" waited twenty minutes. At last, when he could endure the heat no longer, he opened the door cautiously. Instantly a cloud of smoke rushed in. "Red" plunged into the passage, to find the smoke whirling down it. He heard confusedly the cries of people in the street below.

He rushed to the window through which he had climbed. Looking down into the street across the garden, he saw that a fire line had been formed. He saw the men affixing ladders; he saw the smoke-alarmed building. Flames were bursting from every window, except those of the wing in which he was trapped, and he did not know the way out.

In mad terror he broke along the corridor, plunging into room after room, only to recoil, baffled, before the forty feet of vertical wall that overlooked the garden.

"Red" tried to collect his thoughts. Yes, he saw the situation now. He must reach the front of the house, where the firemen had erected the ladders. He turned back and raced toward a swing door, which seemed to shut off the residential section from the servants' quarters. He passed an open door—somebody stood there in the curling smoke, with arms outstretched, reeling, groping, sobbing.

"Red" did not hesitate an instant. He tore off his coat and wrapped it about the girl. He snatched a blanket from the bed and placed it about her, covering her from head to feet. Then, carrying her in his arms without much difficulty, he turned to find that the whole wing had grown a fiery hell.

And "Red" burst into the furnace. Tongues of flame caught at him, the blinding smoke seemed a contrivance to drive him into that seething, molten chaos of fallen timbers and corroded metal, which had once been an elevator shaft, up which the fire tongues burst with yellow and red banners. They drew at "Red" like beasts with hungry maws. But he evaded them. And now he was panting under his burden at a window, looking down into the street, and behind him the tongues were uncaring.

The mob saw him. They yelled. The firemen had left the wall, for it was thought all the inmates were rescued. The hose was playing upon the buildings right and left—no chance to save that one.

A brawny fireman leaped for the ladder, followed by two more. The structure was within "Red's" grasp, but he was too faint to feel for it, too weak to use it. He clung to the window frame and held the girl out toward the mob.

"For God's sake!" he babbled. "I didn't get the necklace. Lemme die, but—"

The safety of this girl seemed the only thing in life to "Red." He had forgotten all about his fears. Death was imminent now, the tongues of fire were licking hungrily at his face. "Red" passed his hand over his singed pate and laughed weakly.

"I guess they've—copped me again," he muttered, and, handing the girl to the nearest fireman, fell fainting back toward the flames. It was in the very nick of time that the second fireman dragged "Red" out and down the ladder to the cheering crowd below.

"Who is he?" the people asked each other, as they pressed round him. "My husband," were the words that fell upon "Red's" ears. He opened his eyes. Over him kneeled the girl he had saved, and he recognized Lizzie, looking at him with a new tenderness in her eyes.

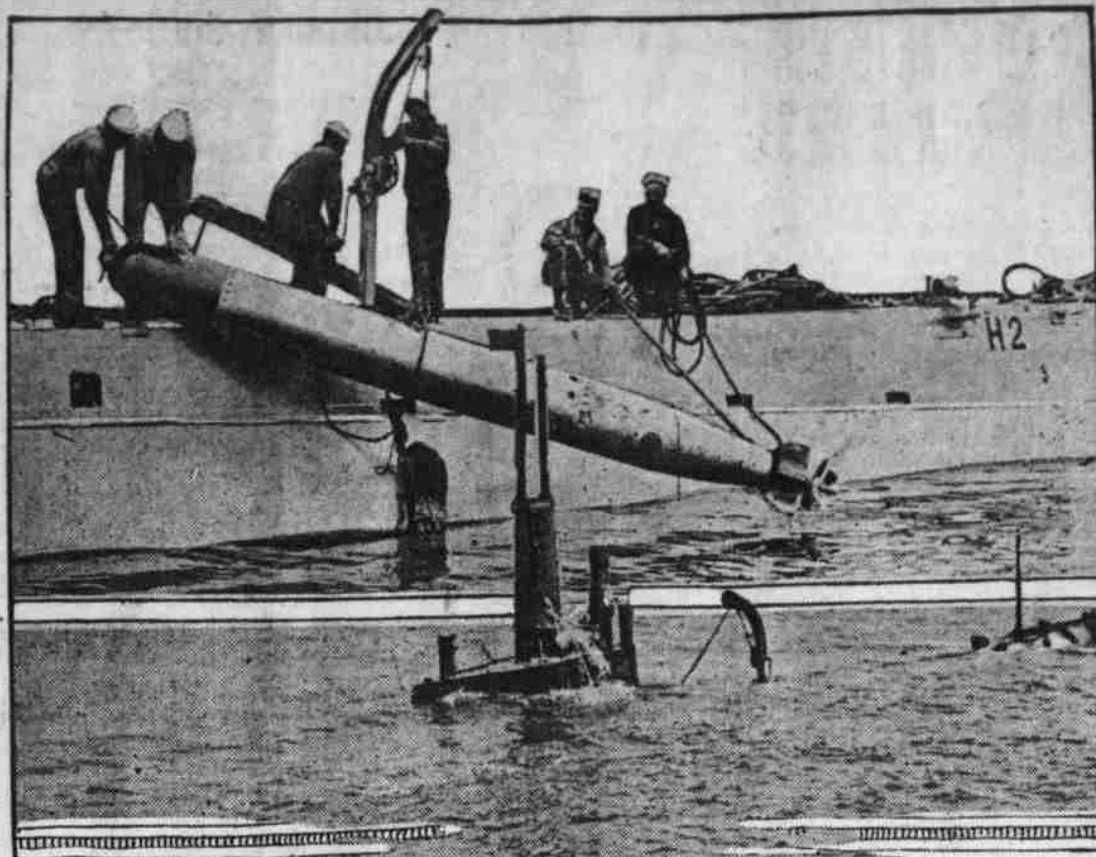
Historic London Character.

The oldest rat catcher in England, John Dalton, has died in Southwark, at the age of ninety. He belonged to a family which has carried on the business for two centuries, by means of a secret method which has been handed down from father to son. Dalton held contracts from the railway and dock companies, but 30 years ago he retired, leaving the business and secret to his eldest son John. In his early days Dalton conducted many of the crowded heads of Europe, when visiting London, to the various sporting rendezvous. King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, often visited the old cockpit at the Cutlers' arms, in the New Cut, with Mr. Dalton.

Why Not Button Spats to Shoes?

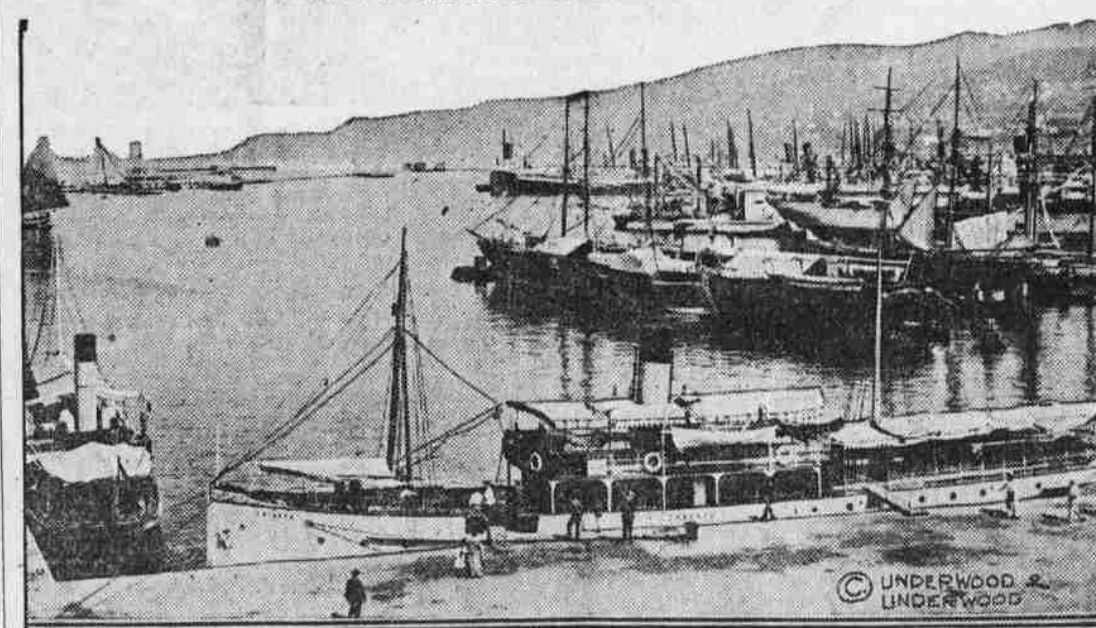
A woman asks the Scientific American: "Why cannot spats be secured to low shoes by snap buttons, like glovefasteners?" To which that paper replies: "The problem will be so to locate the buttons as to exclude them from view when the shoes are used without the spats, and also to secure such arrangement as will not be objectionable to the wearer."

AMERICAN SUBMARINES IN PRACTICE WORK



Above, the crew of U. S. submarine H-2 hoisting aboard a spent practice torpedo during the maneuvers off San Pedro, Cal. Below is submarine H-3 rising to the surface after a dive.

TRIESTE BOMBARDED BY THE ITALIANS



View of the harbor of Trieste, the capital of Istria, which the Italian artillery has begun to bombard from a point near the mouth of the Isonzo river.

NEAR STARVATION IN MEXICO



Here is a timely picture showing to what measures the civilian population of Mexico has to resort in order to keep itself from actual starvation. Poor Mexican women with empty market baskets are seen thronging about one of the army food supply depots, where they are given barely enough to keep body and soul together.

SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY AT ST. RAPHAEL



French colonial troops doing their own laundry work in the sea at St. Raphael.

WAR HOSPITAL DISINFECTOR



Device used for the disinfecting of bedding and clothing at the duchess of Westminster's hospital at La Touquet, France.

Revenge in the Kitchen. "Walter, I want to thank you for this soup. It is richer and thicker than any I ever had here before." "Yes, sir. Just confidentially, sir, the chef had a row with the boss and the way he's wasting stuff is a caution."

MAGNETIC CURRENT IS USED

French Professor Introduces Scientific Method of Extracting Shrapnel Fragments From Wounded.

French science has again come to the aid of the wounded in the present war. Bullets and shrapnel fragments deeply imbedded in the flesh can now be extracted without the deep probing and incisions formerly necessary. The new method of bringing them projectiles to the surface of the flesh

by means of electric magnets has been presented to the Academy of Medicine by Professor Bergonie, the discoverer. As practically all bullets and shrapnel used in modern warfare are of steel they are capable of being magnetized and are subject to magnetic influence.

Professor Bergonie simply applies to the outside of the wound a highly potential magnetic current. This suffices to dislodge the projectile from the flesh and bring it gradually towards the surface. To prevent any further tearing of the flesh the current is ap-

plied only a few seconds each day and the projectile is drawn so gradually toward the surface as to cause neither irritation nor pain. Finally only a slight superficial incision of the surgeon's knife is necessary for the final extraction.

The method is to be introduced at once in the military hospitals all through France.

Lindens and Limes.

Linden trees in Germany have their equivalent in the British lime.